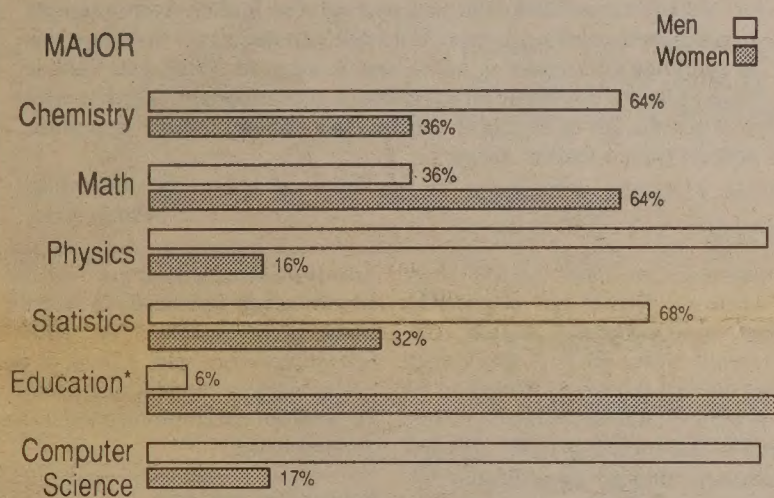


# Life Love and Living

## A SPECIAL ISSUE of STUDENT REVIEW

year 3 issue 19  
Provo, Utah  
February 8, 1989

### Valentine Finding Stats



\* The Education stats are based on incoming freshmen only.

Are you looking for a valentine? For males, on the BYU campus, the field is wide. Statistics from Fall 1988 show that of the 26,996 day students at BYU, 10,887 are single women. Single women, on the other hand, have only 9,213 single men to choose from.

Yes, we know that ever since you came to BYU, people have been filling your mind with rumors such as "the ratio here is two girls to every guy." Or perhaps you've heard "all the guys on this campus are married anyway." Statistics show that this is just not true. Of all the students on campus, 74.5 percent, or 20,100 are single. Of that total, 40.8 percent are single men, and the rest are female. O.K., so the guys do have a slightly larger selection, but it please see **Finding** on page 2

### Having It All

by Michael Marlow

AS UNIVERSITY STUDENTS, we feel a constant pressure, from the pulpit to the television, to "have it all": a beautiful spouse, a high-paying job, plenty of cash and credit cards, and so forth. We are expected to achieve the perfect combination of things spiritual, academic, and financial; and when we don't we feel like failures.

In America, this desire to "have it all" is a way of life. In elementary school we compete to see who can run the fastest, in high school to see who can be most popular, and in college to see who can get the best grades.

This mindless competition/pursuit of excellence never stops. Even in courtship we worry. Most person's qualifications for their future spouse seem ridiculously impossible: good-looking, easygoing, intelligent, good family, well-to-do, talented, career minded, piano-playing, and so on. It's also no surprise that in our materialistic culture the first question all engaged women are asked is "Where's your ring?" A man's love is judged by carat size.

So we ask ourselves, is it possible, or even right, to try to "have it all?"

Thank goodness there's a standard to follow: the BYU 155th Ward's Bishop Henry Whiffen with his wife Diane. Most of the members of their ward are envious of the life the Whiffens have built. It is evident to all who know them that the Whiffens are happy about life and happily married.

Bishop Whiffen manages to be a devoted husband and father and a successful businessman. Sister Whiffen has six beautiful children and keeps a loving home while still being a support to the students of the ward. What is this couple's formula for "having it all?"

To answer this, the Whiffens would say that we need to decide for ourselves what is truly important in our lives. We need to determine what to us is "having it all," and not to worry what society thinks. It is easy for an individual to say that

time devoted to work is for the family, but ask the small child which he would rather have: a father who is always gone, working to buy extras such as a VCR, or a father who is home to read the child bedtime stories?

Surprisingly enough, the future bishop and his wife did not come from backgrounds where the Lord was first priority. Bishop Whiffen spent many years in housing projects and foster homes, and Sister Whiffen spent her teenage years only semi-committed to the Church. But when the Whiffens first got married, they sat down together and decided what was really important in their lives. They had to pray and come to a decision with the help of the Lord to put Church and family as first priority in their lives. They decided that even though money was scarce, tithing would be paid. And even though money, prestige, and schooling would likely compete for their attention, the Whiffens decided to value their relationship with the Lord and with each other above all else.

The Whiffens agree that if we do as they did and put all of our faith and trust in the Lord, the rest will fall into place. The Lord *does* provide.

Though the Whiffens today "have it all" materially, times were not always easy. During the birth of her first child, Sister Whiffen and the baby became desperately sick. The Whiffens had no insurance to help pay the bills, so they went to California to find a full-time job. Brother Whiffen spent their last \$25 on a deposit to go door-to-door selling household products. When he returned that evening to receive his commission, he was told it would take at least a week to have it mailed to him from the corporate office. With no other money, Brother Whiffen

please see **Having** on page 2

### Quiet Service at BYU

by Paula L. Smith and Eric D. May

ON OCT. 28, 1988, \$15 MILLION was donated to the BYU School of Management by the Marriott Foundation. In recognition of its contributors, the school was renamed the J. Willard and Alice S. Marriott School of Management. A plaque engraved with the new school name is now displayed in the Tanner Building. During the ceremony, Pres. Holland and Pres. Gordon B. Hinckley, on behalf of the school, expressed their appreciation to J. Willard Jr. who presented the gift.

There is no question of the significance of a contribution this size to the University. What BYU has to offer today is largely due to the generosity of our alumni and the many contributors not associated with the school or the LDS Church.

At the same time, we can't overlook how the BYU student body has contributed to the University and the community in ways other than money donations. The countless hours of service and sacrifice given by students often go unnoticed, while it seems that only those who donate large sums of money receive public recognition.

As a result of restructuring, the main focus of BYUSA shifted to just that—service. BYUSA is responsible for coordinating community service projects and then placing volunteers where they are needed. The number of volunteers requesting projects is overwhelming. Last semester, over 400 separate groups approached BYUSA, asking to be assigned to service projects. Considering there are 165 wards on campus, quite a number of students are volunteering their efforts outside the ward setting. "We've had so many requests and not enough projects. We sent a letter out to the wards asking them for

ideas for more projects," says Jeff Singer, executive vice president of BYUSA.

A majority of the service projects have students spending time with the elderly, handicapped or disadvantaged. Through one program, Adapted Aquatics, approximately 160 handicapped children are taught swimming skills at the Richards Building. Often the number of volunteers who show up for the two hour weekly sessions exceed the number of children to be taught. Mike Stevens, director of the program, says that for many of the children this is the only time they are one-on-one with someone. "And [the effect] carries over to their school work," he says.

More than 200 students participate in an on going service project involving disadvantaged children. The program—ACCESS (Advocates for a Child's Community Exposure and Socialization Success) is a large-scale "Big Brother/Big Sister" project and is also run by BYUSA. ACCESS volunteers work in teams of two, spending 2-3 hours weekly with children who need positive role models.

Each team is assigned to work with a family for a minimum of two semesters, ideally until they leave BYU. More than one-hundred families (usually low income, single unit families) in Utah County are benefitted by the program.

Amy and Tim, both ACCESS volunteers, visit a family of two boys, 10 and 11, and a girl, 13. "We're there to provide a positive image—a good example," says Amy. "They see that we're cool people; we're there to be friends please see **Service** on page 2

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## Publisher's Note:

## A Public Apology for a Public Mess

It could have been the strange, gusty winds that prompted me to wear an old flannel shirt, faded Levis, and Converse sneakers to school last Wednesday. Yes, perhaps something in the moist, warm air whispered that I would have to be prepared.

That morning disaster struck: Wind-scattered copies of *Student Review* littered 8th North and beyond.

Imagine how I felt—embarrassed, frustrated, apologetic—as I turned down the street on my way to class only to find papers confettied as far as I could see: in the gutters, under cars, inside shrubbery, on campus lawns (Hmmm... a dubious plan for on-campus distribution).

I hurried to a phone to call my staff. Then with the gracious help of Matthew Fairbairn and Dave Udall of the BYU grounds crew, we began to clean up.

While scraping wet *Reviews* off slushy sidewalks with my fingernails, I couldn't help noticing the irony of it all: Just the week before in SR meetings we talked about our "Pick up Provo" campaign slated for March, a campaign designed to help Provo people clean up trash around their neighborhoods. And now, instead of being the guardians of a litter-free environment, we were the biggest offenders.

We're sorry.

Although we still intend to distribute on 8th North, we will do everything we can to improve our methods. And you can help us. Please don't take the weights off the top of the stacks—especially on windy days. Also, please call us (373-4619, 374-5367, 377-4569) if you see papers scattered about so we can tidy up.

Last week's fiasco jeopardized two of our main objectives: to get the *Review* into your hands and to contribute to a better community. Unread papers blowing along 8th North—or anywhere—don't do us or you any good.

Please accept our apologies.

Brian J. Fogg

## Finding from front page

isn't even close to two to one. That is, unless you subtract the freshmen from the total of single men roaming the campus.

Nevertheless, if you are a girl majoring in Education, Home Economics, or Nursing, undoubtedly you have noticed the higher female to male ratio in your classes. You are most likely missing out on that daily elbow-to-elbow contact with the opposite sex, and ulterior motives for group study sessions probably don't even occur to you. Here is a sampling of statistics which indicate the uneven distribution of the sexes in various majors.

Based on these and other statistics, here are some suggestions for girls who want to know how they can improve the odds of finding a valentine (or at least, getting a date).

1. Study in the Clyde Building lounge—the "home" of the engineering majors which includes 3,067 men to 212 women. (We know what those 212 are really majoring in).
2. Consider a Computer Science minor.
3. Take a Physics class *for fun*.
4. Stand outside the Smith Field House men's locker room.
5. If all else fails, change your major.

## Service from front page

with them. It helps build their confidence so they feel important. We took them to a BYU football game, we spend time with them, we talk to them."

In addition to BYUSA sponsored programs, many students are involved in social/service clubs. Lately there has been criticism that

these clubs are more "social" than "service." This is not necessarily true. One particular "social" club annually cleans the Park City cemetery of trash and weeds. Members of the same club cook for the homeless in Salt Lake once a week and are currently organizing a benefit involving local bands to raise money for the homeless.

While monetary donations are

greatly needed by the university, the service given by the BYU student body is invaluable. As Albert Schweitzer once said, "There is no higher religion than human service. To work for the common good is the greatest creed."

## Having from front page

fen had to quit that day because that \$25 was all he had for food for the family.

The following years were equally tough for the Whiffens, but they stuck together and developed their favorite saying, "You and me, babe!" Attitudes of respect and support formed in the early years of their marriage have made it successful. And to the Whiffens, their marriage is the most important thing in their lives.

A quick glance at our nation's problems of drug abuse and crime tell a tale of a society cracking under pressure, of people trying in the wrong way to "have it all." If we could instead see that many people are struggling just to survive and cannot even think about having it all, we could see that a richer life exists outside the world of cash, cars, and credit cards: a life that the Whiffens have found.

## Oops!

Due to an editing error, last week's article by Eugene England contained an incorrect line. Rather than referring to just religion professors, a sentence in the second to last paragraph should have read "all of us who teach religion, in any context, should turn to the scriptures...."

Our apologies.

## Letters

Dear Editor:

I am writing under the assumption that my letter will not be printed in your newspaper. The reason for this is that I have sent articles or letters to you at least three other times in the last year and have not seen any of them printed. Yet you always beg your readers to please contribute, please contribute.

After reading the "Eavesdroppings" section in this week's paper (Jan. 25) about sheep, I was convinced that it would be appropriate for you to title some sections of your newspaper "Namedropper." Everything from "Twenty Best Professors" to Yoko Ono's permanent residence on the "Bottom Ten" list, from "Black Awareness" to "Where Were You in the sixties?" is just an endless display of editorial sucking up and looking down from imagined heights of sociopolitical insight. I don't think you are all trying to become politically active intellectual bohemians, but I do think that some of you think you already are.

What I'm saying is that though I don't think you are the liberal student newspaper people have accused you of being, I do think you are an elitist student newspaper that caters to a certain clique of intellectual students and "pet" professors, with legions of wannabees who for years will try, and probably fail, to gain acceptance through small launch windows that occasionally appear in Linda Adams' editing class or William Shakespeare's Writing Lab. I was one who missed the window. I failed the reviews of the *Student Review*.

I now give you the opportunity to do one of two things: you can write me off once again and throw this letter away, citing lack of space, my poor writing, or my lack of ability to generate an interesting article as the reason for doing so; or you can prove me wrong by printing this letter or any of my other letters you may be able to dig up.

I'll tell you now that for the most part my contributions were attempts to see my own writing in print, but I don't apologize for that since this is everyone's incentive to write and write well. What gets said is important, but obviously how it is said is also important, which is why you got the job of saying it and I didn't. Show us how important students are to *Student Review*.

Scott Gardner  
Provo, Utah

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**U2 Rattle & Hum (PG-13)** 12:15 2:00 3:45 5:30 7:30 9:50

**Scrooged (PG-13)** 12:30 2:30 4:45 7:20 9:30

**Roger Rabbit (PG)** 1:30 3:20 5:15 7:15

**Young Guns (R)** 9:30

**Stepmother and Allen (PG-13)** 12:30 2:30 4:45 7:00 9:10

**MATINEES DAILY**

## STUDENT REVIEW

year 3 • issue 19

Student Review is an independent student publication dedicated to serving Brigham Young University's campus community.

Student volunteers from all disciplines edit and manage Student Review; however, opinions expressed are those of individual authors and do not necessarily reflect views of the SR staff, BYU, or The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Student Review is published weekly during fall and winter semesters and monthly during spring and summer terms by Student Review Foundation, a nonprofit corporation. SRF operates under the direction of the Foundation for Student Thought, also a nonprofit corporation.

A year's subscription to Student Review costs \$10.

We invite all students to get involved with Student Review. Articles are welcome from anyone involved in the BYU campus community.

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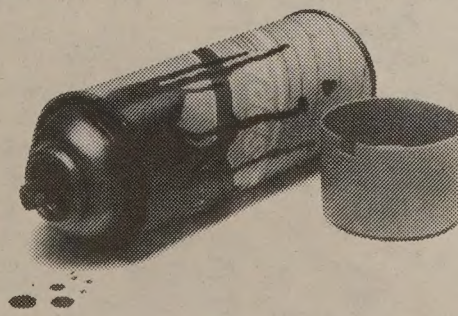
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# CAMPUS LIFE

## The Accidental Florist

by **Sven Eric Wilson**

Rhonda hears a lot.

Standing behind the counter at the small flower shop, Rhonda's non-threatening figure slopes upward through plump, motherly breasts into a subtle chin and lightly-curled, dark hair. Her pale blue eyes are the type that would make a dizzy blonde look even dizzier, but in Rhonda they are comforting, reassuring—the kind of eyes that strip men of inhibitions and draw them into submission and confession.

I initially came into the floral shop, quite by accident. I was looking for an out-of-the-way record shop that I thought might carry Tom Scott's early album, "Intimate Strangers," and I wandered into Rhonda's shop looking for directions.

I walked out with a daisy behind my ear and a big grin.

It was not long before I was making regular visits to the floral shop. Sometimes I had legitimate need: a birthday bouquet for my mother, a handful of bright red tulips for a friend, or an occasional purchase of roses whose thorns pricked my heart as the gift went, once again, unappreciated and unrequited. But mostly I went to watch—and learn—

from Rhonda.

Pretending to look through the rows of tacky postcards or smell the different varieties of (mostly nauseous) herbs, I would glance carefully over my shoulder at the nervous man at the counter, and Rhonda, catching my glance, would give me a knowing nod of her head, without once breaking her attention on the frustrated and broken speech of her customer.

Lawrence (Rhonda seldom forgets a name) was one of the first customers I encountered while hiding behind the stack of postcards. Dressed in the sagging down coat that he had had, most likely, since high school, Lawrence pushed back his thinning blonde hair and smiled weakly at Rhonda.

Chuckling, Rhonda inquired, "What'll it be, Larry?"

Lawrence, who Rhonda later told me lived with his wife and two little girls at Wymount Terrace and was working on a Master's in geology, winced quietly at the mention of a nickname which obviously brought to mind unpleasant memories and quickly blurted out his pressing needs.

"It's been quite a while since I've done anything...uh, nice for Susan,

and I thought it might be nice to get some flowers or something for our special time this weekend."

"Special time?" I thought. Quickly, my single mind raced through what that could mean: nude backgammon on a lazy Saturday morning or, perhaps, chasing each other around the old bandstand in the park on Center Street.

Rhonda knew better. "What is it this week, Larry, the temple or miniature golf?"

"I haven't really decided yet, something special. Let's go with a two or three roses and as many carnations as I can fit in and still keep the price under ten bucks."

Rhonda waved vigorously at Lawrence as he walked out the squeaking glass door. She dropped her hand slowly to the counter and, with her smile fading, quipped, "Special time. Hah! What that really means," she shot at my male figure across the counter, "is late night trips to Storehouse Market for aspirin and aching, swollen feet on the mildewed tile of the shower floor."

Rhonda didn't hate men, though. Pity, maybe. But I think I started to hate them.

Jared stood suavely at the counter. he was a regular. "Got a hot one



SR art by Cassie Christensen

tonight?" she asked, almost accusingly, as she pulled a half-dozen white roses from their container.

"If things don't get moving with this chick pretty soon, she's history."

"Well, maybe this will do the trick."

"That guy is scared to death," she remarked as we watched Jared strut across the street to his Camaro. "He thinks white roses mean purity and noble intentions. What he really wants is for her to be thinking of those white flowers when he reaches over her to recline the seat of that studmobile he drives."

Bill hadn't been in before. It was a little far to walk from Helaman Halls and he had never had much need for a florist. While his hands darted in and out of the big pocket on the front of his high school wrestling sweat-shirt, Bill tried to decide what he wanted.

"I think I'll take three red roses... or let's make that six. How much is

that? Oh. Do you think three is enough? And...uh... maybe I better go with yellow ones."

Rhonda, after opening and reopening the door to the cooler, suddenly reached out and grabbed Bill by the throat and shouted, "Make up your silly mind, will you?" The startled boy jumped back, frightened, but when he saw the way Rhonda's eyes danced as she chided him, his shoulders relaxed and he broke out into a long pleasant laugh.

"Let me make a suggestion," soothed Rhonda. "How about a single red rose and one of these cards," as she pulled from a drawer under the counter an off-white card lined with a tint of silver. The card was beautiful, particularly for a flower shop, and I wondered how many men Rhonda had opened that drawer for.

The psychoanalysis of the men

Please see **Florist** on next page

## The Hope of Ephraim: Eliza Lynn

by **Jill Place**

She runs up the stairs to her Heritage Halls dorm room with his schedule which she just looked up on microfiche in the Wilkinson Center. "I got it! Lori Ann! Mary Sue!

Gretyl! I got his schedule, his phone number — even his home address!"

Eliza Lynn Hamblin first saw Trent Magnum when she hung out on the fourth floor, south wing of the library, last week. He casually glanced up from his fourth year in-

ternational business communications in progressive economics book and smiled at amusement of her freshman, twittering giggles. She sat in the carrel next to him and sported her "seductive" smile as she borrowed a pencil and asked his name. He nonchalantly read his book, packed up his leather satchel, and left. But he spoke to her, and that was enough. That was all the incentive she needed.

"Ya noe, Mary Sue, Preference is comin' right up and if I think up uh real cute way uv askin' um, Trent'll goe with me, dohn't ya think?"

Mary Sue could always think of the most creative invitations. Last year she asked Vernon Monger to the girl's choice dance by writing a mystery letter encased in plastic, frozen in red colored water inside a 7-Up bottle, surrounded by heart-shaped red-hots in a shoe box. Of course Vernon said yes.

But this wasn't Ephraim, Utah. This was Provo. The cosmopolitan, social shopping center for Mormons. They had both dreamed about the vast numbers of eligible

RM's and they knew how to crochet, latch-hook, and bake brownies. "Yes, brownies baked to the right consistency are sure to win your man," they heard.

And you can bet they listened. From their first "Y Group" meeting, to their first Wilkinson Center Dance, to their latest hangout spot in the library, the two hopeful homemakers took note of every word of comment, counsel, and caution concerning marriage and that special eternal companion. "So think, will ya? How should I ask um? I gotta do sumthin' tuh really impress um!"

"I got it!" Mary Sue had thought of a masterpiece. Her excitement issued forth the silly giggles of Eliza and she accidentally spilled her can of Utah manufactured decaffeinated Jolt Cola. "Ya noe that Lori Ann is a music major, right? Well she brought her clown costume tuh Provo tuh wear fer Halloween."

"So ya want me tuh dress up—"

"Noe, Stu-pud, not you, HER. We'll have her write up uh song, dress up in the costume, and

déliver um one uh those singin' telegrams! You have his schedule, dohncha?

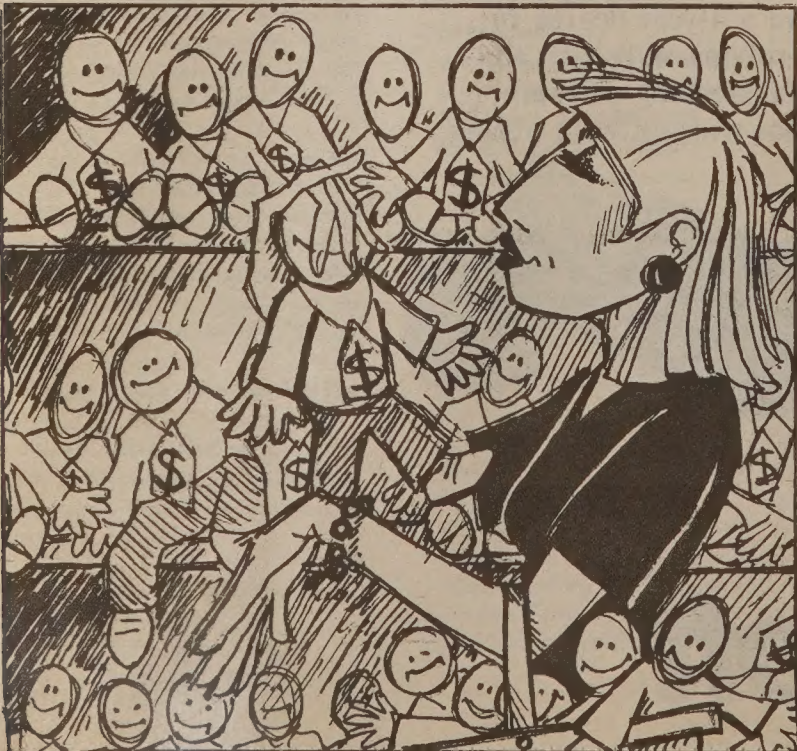
"Mary Sue, yer brilliant. I mean brilliant! Yes! Oh, and I noe, we'll give um uh bunch uh balloons and one uh those candy bar signs that spells out my message with thuh names uh thuh candies!"

"So get his schedule and let's figure it out!"

Eliza Lynn scrambled into her room and snatched the heart-shaped post-it note with the info. inscribed in red bubble-lettered cursive writing from her mirror. Stopping to gaze at the poster of the Soloflex model, Eliza Lynn declared triumphantly, "You're MINE!"

They figured that the best place to stage it was in the Tanner Building, since most of Trent's classes met there. "Perfect!" Eliza said. We'll tell um tuh stand on the side uh the building facing Helaman Halls and I'll hide in thuh bushes across the street with binoculars! Whut-tuh blast!"

Please see **Hope** on next page



SR art by Jeff Lee



# How To Drop

by Fortenberry Witherspoon

It seems to me that everyone on this planet has had some sort terrible, awful, mind-numbing experience with the "D" word. *Dating* that is. This article is for those who have had problems with people who, in their excitement, forget to ask if the person at the receiving end of his/her affections had any interest in him/her at all. I should also point out that this article itself is addressed to girls. All of my dating problems have been with girls, so my experience on the other side is highly limited. Please try to understand. I write these words of advice so that pain on all sides can be diminished.

The other day my roommate came into our room, flopped on his bed and announced the following statement to no one in particular: "I hate women."

The fierceness of his statement made me inquire what his problem was. He wasn't paying any attention to me and continued to rant and rave in a tirade that verged on maniacal. I tried to calm him down with a few words of comfort and advice to the effect that I was sure that life would go on and other assorted mindless rubbish. Needless to say he didn't buy any of it.

What happened to him, put plain and simple, was that a girl told him that the relationship he thought they had, she didn't know about. Since she didn't know of his deep affection for her, when he expressed a desire for her returned affection she let him know that he could shove off. Not too kindly either.

Probably the worst thing about the whole situation was that he never had a chance with her and never knew it. I started thinking and came up with a plan to avoid this. It's very simple and easy to follow.

It's slanted toward the male gender of course, since I don't and can't speak for the opposite sex for the reason mentioned above. Although nobody wants to be rejected there are certainly both good ways and deceitful, spiteful, terrible, sadistic and down-right evil ways of going about it.

I have come up a five-part method to drop a guy. Each can be learned in one easy lesson. Although I can only recommend one of these ways.

1. Keep on stiffing the guy. Accept more dates, lead him on, drop him like a dead rodent and watch him wallow in his misery. In other words continue in your evil ways and procrastinate the day of your repentance.

2. Try to ignore him. This doesn't work very well, especially with RMs that have had lectures about diligence and enduring to the end from the time they were in the MTC. This goes right along with the "Oh, I'm busy that night. I have to floss my cat." You're only prolonging the agony.

3. Introduce him to a roommate. You can kill two birds with one proverbial stone; if he is a geek and if you want revenge on your roommate for something she might have done to slight you, it's the perfect way to cure your ills.

4. Drop subtle hints, i.e. "Have I told you about my boyfriend Billy Bob the linebacker, whose major hobby is large calibre firearms and who is insanely jealous?" Talking about other guys or even past flames in his presence is about the most annoying thing you can do. Other than spitting on him during a movie, that is. If he doesn't get the picture when you drop Billy Bob's name, then it's probably time to check and see if his cerebral cortex has shorted out.

5. Tell him the truth. (What a concept!) Explain to him rationally and calmly that your affections lie in a different direction. If you want to be cruel and heartless, then this is the perfect opportunity to tell him that when you first saw him you thought he was an alien. But, it's probably best to be nice. It is also quite possible to be firm and nice at the same time. Especially with those diligent-minded RMs.

A word of warning to the user of number five. The wheeze "Let's just be friends" is just a bit too old and too used to be credible anymore. Even if you really want to have the guy as a friend, you will lose him in a second with that line.

Unfortunately, there is no easy way to break the truth to him. It is difficult to be sure, and I offer no easy solution to that "little" problem, but the truth is almost always better in the end. So skip to number five and let me know I'm a dweeb. But do remember my fragile masculine ego is at stake, so be nice about it.

Florist from previous page

who came into the shop became almost a ritual for Rhonda and me. She knew them all. The uptight preppie in argyle socks. The tender man from Idaho. The single, frustrated professor. The friendly clubby with the trademark lock of hair hanging over his left eye.

Rhonda knew the women, too, though she didn't get many of them. She was annoyed that so many of the girls from campus were nervous about sending flowers to their boyfriends. "It'll be fine," she'd say again and again. I'm not sure if Rhonda caught the look of intimidation in their eyes. Where men confided in her, women resented her. They hated the understanding and the depth of those blue eyes.

Over the holidays, Rhonda's boss moved the shop to a bigger location. This meant more flowers, more customers and, unfortunately, the end of our analyses. I'm still loyal to Rhonda and, when occasion de-

mands, I frequent the new, even tackier, shop. But I worry about Rhonda in this new place, and I worry about her customers.

On my way to return a video which I had watched alone late on a Sunday night, I passed by Rhonda's new shop. After taking a few pensive steps down the sidewalk, I heard the door from the floral shop open and turned to see Rhonda burst out of the shop and chase me down. She removed a small daisy from her apron pocket and stuck it behind my ear. With a quick, farewell squeeze of my arm, she hurried back to her customers.

Rhonda knows a lot.

## Top 20 Romantic Rendezvous Locations

1. During biology in the JSB Auditorium
2. your bishop's house
3. Parents' bedroom
4. During a 17-stake fireside
5. At Standards
6. Gilgal's
7. Cemeteries
8. Over the hot air grates
9. Under the dining room table
10. Family reunions
11. In a stalled elevator
12. At International Cinema
13. General Conference with a G.A.'s daughter
14. MTC
15. In a tent
16. In the HFAC basement
17. The tunnels under campus
18. Any VW van
19. At Fortenberry Witherspoon's House
20. On any bear skin rug

## Bottom 11

The Mall, your little sister's bedroom, at any church dance, your car, dorm lobbies, at the movies, over the phone, the Cougar eat, non co-ed prisons, anywhere it's expected, anywhere with Yoko Ono

Hope from previous page

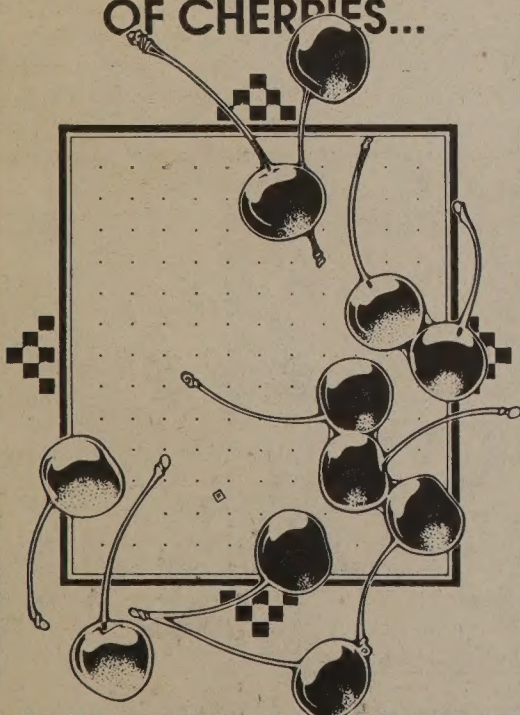
So it started. Eliza Lynn's journal filled up with anticipations, hopes, and fears. Her patriarchal blessing almost tore in half from the thousand times she dreamed about that future husband. "Could it be Trent?" She even went so far as to think about wedding colors "just in case..."

Well why shouldn't she? Gretyl's cousin Naomi met a guy at BYU in the end of February and got married that May! Their next door neighbor, Esther, met her fiancée when the Heritage Halls maintenance man fixed her up with his younger brother. And what's so weird about meeting your future husband in the library? Eliza and her roommates found

nothing weird about it at all. They knew all about "Saturday's Warrior" and how "ya just noe ut" when you meet him.

Lori Ann went to work. Her music major skills helped her compose the perfect lyrics to accompany the tune of "Love at Home." She fluffed up her red curly wig and mended her calico quilt print clown costume, complete with Ronald McDonald shoes. The face was easy. Since every girl from Utah owns every fluorescent color of mascara, eyeliner, and goopy lip gloss, they had the whole spectrum to work with... *To be continued next week. Find out if Eliza will hang a 40 foot high latch hook rug from the Kimball Tower asking Trent to Preference.*

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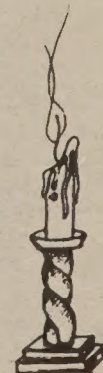
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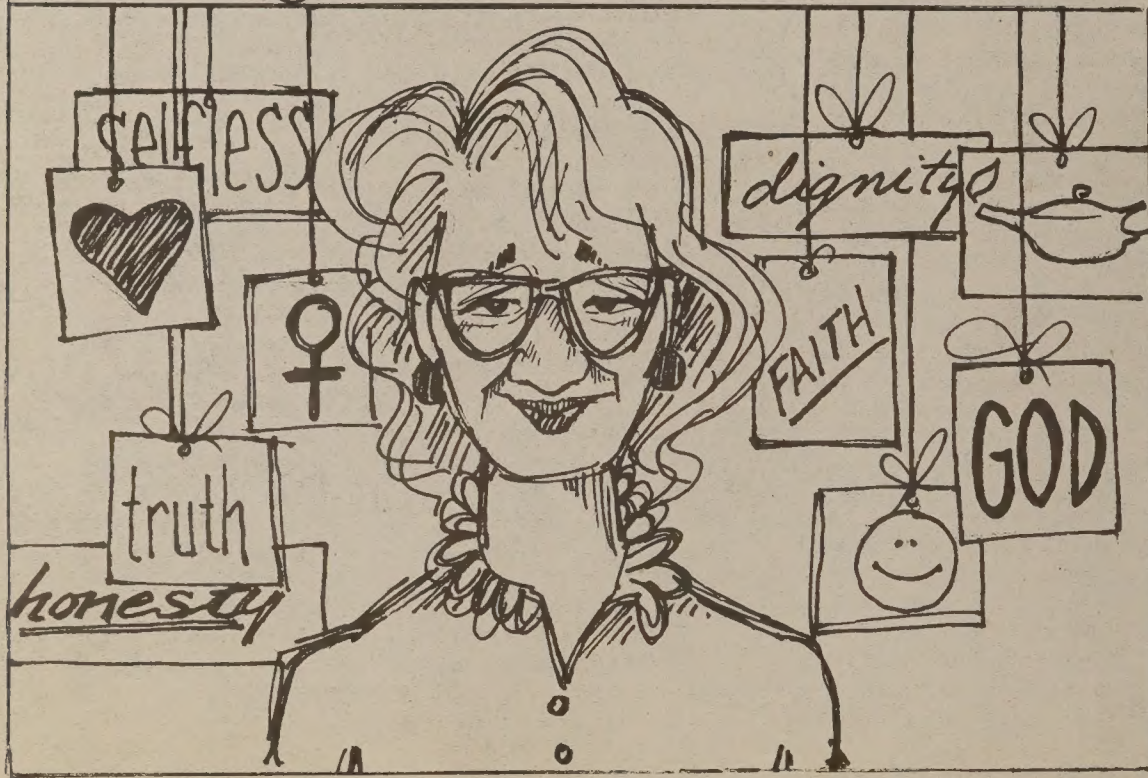




# OPINION



## Learning from Mom about Life



SR art by Jeff Lee

by Gordon Myers

MANY PEOPLE LIVE UNDER SUCH miserable conditions that they could sing Nik Kershaw's "Wouldn't it be good?" all day long. Troubled by finances, illness, exhaustion, and loneliness, they could belt out heartfelt rounds of the chorus, "Wouldn't it be good to be in your shoes, even if it were for just a day? Wouldn't it be good if we could wish ourselves away?" They seem doomed to lives of stress and sadness—and who can blame them for complaining?

My mom could join this crowd. She contracted rheumatoid arthritis at the age of fourteen such that her hands and feet are disfigured and her joints ache to this day. After 20 years of strenuous marriage and eight children, she went through a divorce that left her a working mother with three children under the age of 16. Working as a substitute teacher, she depends on sporadic teaching assignments to make ends meet. She has no health insurance for her family, and every nagging cough and high fever sends chills down her spine.

Go ahead, Mom. Sing it: "I've got it bad. You don't know how bad I got it. You got it easy. You don't know when you got it good. It's getting harder just to keep your life and soul together. I'm sick of fighting, even

though I know I should."

But Mom doesn't sing it. On the contrary, she's oddly cheerful, so happy that she doesn't know how miserable she really is. Not that she doesn't feel the pain or the anxiety—she simply doesn't let it ruin her life. When asked how she accomplishes so much under so much pain and pressure, Mom responds, "It hurts if I do and it hurts if I don't, so I do."

She may have learned this from my grandmother. Raising a large family on a meager income, my grandparents didn't always have the money for the finer things in life. When choosing between putting a bathroom in the house or repapering the walls, practical Grandma chose the bathroom. When visitors asked how she could stand seeing the tattered wallpaper, she quipped, "It's easy—I just look out the window."

THERE ARE USUALLY such windows in everyone's life.

My 7 year-old sister, Mari, seems to have inherited the attitude as well. Talking to a friend who expressed the desire to be rich, Mari announced, "We're rich."

Her friend, knowing Mari's belongings, countered, "No you're not. You don't have anything."

"Sure we do—we have lots of things," Mari responded, "a car, a

TV, a hamster, a microwave, books, bikes..." Mari delights in what many would consider essentials; to her, they are luxuries.

Happiness is largely a matter of choice. While circumstances might seem to dictate misery and depression, people can choose happiness if they wish. Consider those who grow up under disadvantaged circumstances, in poverty or neglect. While many such people feel that they cannot overcome their disadvantages, a few believe that they can succeed. Like the underprivileged Hispanic students in the recent film *Stand and Deliver*, they often become educators, doctors, lawyers, and en-

please see Mother on next page

## Debunking the Myth of Romantic Love

by Eric Shulzke

IF YOU'VE NEVER READ A SONNET, don't feel overly deprived. We just finished Petrarchian love sonnets in Renaissance Literature and I still have a saccharine aftertaste in my mouth. They should feed this stuff to apprentice monks—after a few sonnets, celibacy doesn't sound so bad after all.

But Petrarch and the Sonneteers weren't alone; the *Sturm und Drang* Romantics produced their share of passionate romance as well. Goethe's first novel, *Die Leiden des Jungen Werthers* (The Sufferings of Young Werther), portrays a young buffoon who falls passionately in love with a married woman. After numerous tempestuous and unsuccessful attempts to win her, he mercifully blows his brains out one night—thus ending not only his own suffering but that of the reader as well.

Unfortunately, the story doesn't end there. Werther was a raging success and a rash of suicides swept through Europe, each victim presumably seeking, *a la Werther*, a heroic end to a hopeless love. (Napoleon, another romantic who caused his share of trouble in Europe, is said to have carried a copy of *Werther* in the field with him.)

TODAY OUR SOAP OPERAS, Harlequin romances, and teeny-bopper music lack the artistic intricacy of Petrarch or Goethe but retain the churning, burning, passionate prattle that makes the genre unique. Today, however, the woman usually responds, and the affair is usually—and most often illicitly—consummated. And oh what fun it is! It's an exhausted cliché now (and was nothing much fresh), but millions still fall for it.

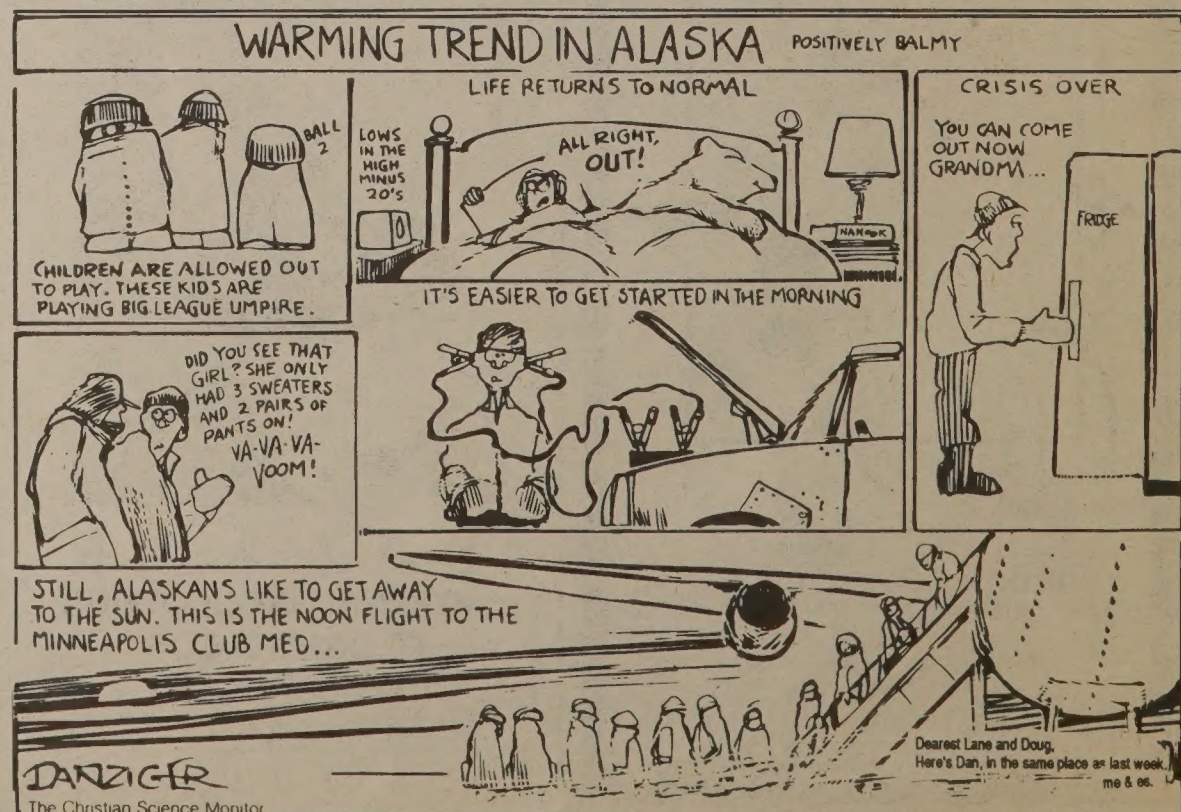
A friend of mine, an excommunicated Mormon who left her husband and three children to find what she was "missing," tells me that that soap operas and drugstore romances contributed to her downfall. They painted a fascinating mirage that faded just as she grasped for it. The novelty, she says, disappeared long ago.

The romantic myth portrays love as a constant state of high-pitched delirium never punctuated with dirty dishes or smelly socks. Romance is, well, romantic—something like a perfume commercial. "It tingles," some might say. A shallow view, to be sure, but one with deep roots in our imaginations.

But C.S. Lewis, for one, is skeptical. "If," he writes in *Mere Christianity*, "They lived happily ever after" is taken to mean 'they felt for the next 50 years exactly as they felt the day before they were married' then it says what probably never was nor ever could be true, and would be highly undesirable if it were. Who could bear to live in that excitement for even five years?"

The excitement wears off, Lewis continues, and the participants begin feeling cheated. "This proves," he says, "that they have made a mistake and are entitled to a change, not realizing that—when they have changed—the glamor will presently go out of the new love, just as it went out of the old one."

And so Lewis' couple falls into the old, corpse-littered trap. It's a sobering thought as we move into Valentine's Day with spring around the corner and hormones beginning to thaw—but romantic love, as it is commonly understood and desperately sought after, is an illusion. There must be something else out there. The love that forms a stable marriage and a happy family must be something entirely different from the romantic myth of Goethe's *Werther* and Petrarch's sonnets. This other love is, I imagine, out there somewhere, not with Petrarch's passionate fervor or *Werther's* inane despair, but just sitting in an obscure corner quietly waiting to be noticed.



Write? Right.

The Opinion Section

DANZIGER  
The Christian Science Monitor



Mother from previous page

gineers. They choose not to be victims of circumstance.

Being cheerful in negative situations is not easy. Sometimes we have to fake it: acting happy to be happy. Once Mom had two tickets to a basketball game, and Mari was the only child that could go that night. Mari didn't want to go, because, she said, the game would probably bore her, but Mom insisted it would be fun. Unconvinced, Mari asked what she should do if she got bored. Mom replied, "Then you will act like you enjoy it. I've gone to many grade school presentations that have bored me, and I acted like I enjoyed them." Mari's eyes grew large. "I didn't know they bored you," she said. "Well, they did." Mari enjoyed herself at the game—really, she did.

This brings up the question: If we're honestly miserable, should we act happy? Hard as it is to smile through a heartache, I still think we should try to feel happy. Sometimes I find myself crying while I tell myself everything is OK. Certainly a friend's death, a relationship's end, a failed test, or a lost job seem tougher in reality than in abstract philosophy. And sorrow is soothing in itself at times, but there is a difference between grief and depression. One is dampening—the other is damning.

Of course, acting happy is dangerous when we disguise stressful problems as inconsequential and we fail to improve conditions. While we can smile our frowns away, we can't so easily dismiss most troubles. We must work to overcome obstacles and setbacks, but do so with the expectation of success. With a brighter outlook, we can better see solutions and survive disasters.

Happiness means more than repeating, "Don't worry; be happy." We must become involved in activities and seek out people that

help us put life in its proper perspective. Music, literature, recreation, writing, and service can dispel sadness. Family, friends, counselors, and complete strangers can provide empathy and encouragement. Above all, Heavenly Father is always approachable, always caring, and always helpful.

One particularly tough morning, Mom was singing, "Nobody knows the trouble I've seen, nobody knows but Jesus." Later in the afternoon, she was touched and tickled to hear Mari singing, "Nobody knows the trouble Mom's seen, nobody knows but Jesus." Sometimes only God knows how bad we have it. He will help, but through it all He still expects us to be happy.

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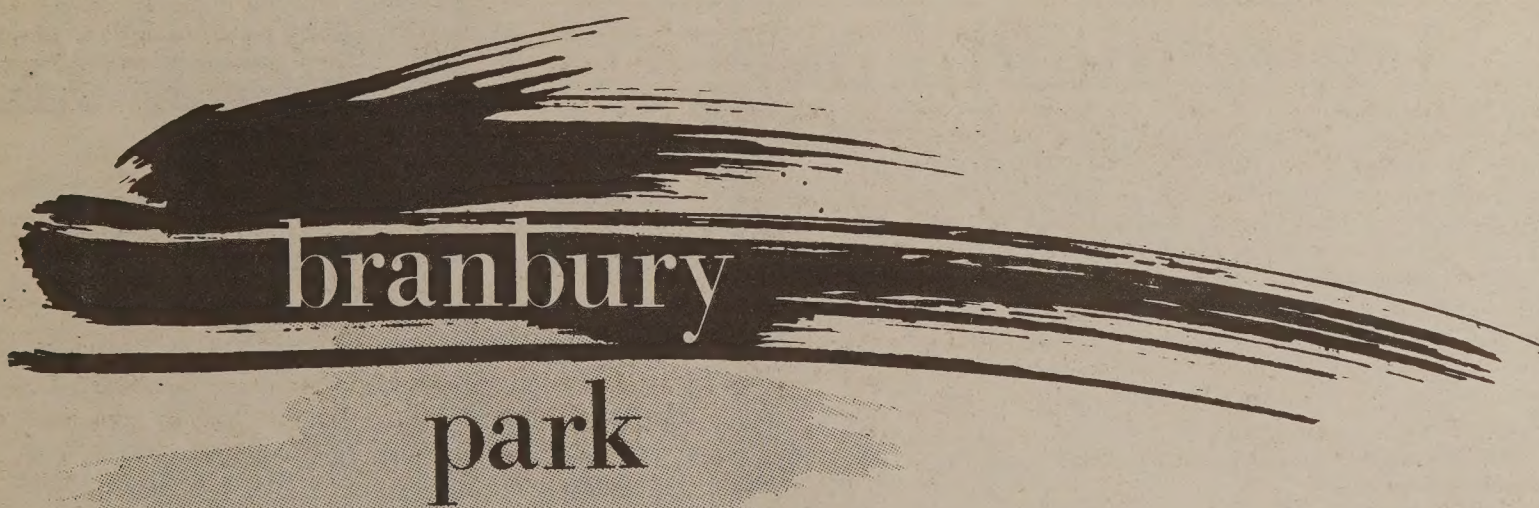
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# ARTS & LEISURE

## Sidney's Secrets on Seducing Stella

by Bruce W. Knorr

Most guys with girlfriends still look at other girls. This tendency dates back to the time of Sir Philip Sidney, who grappled with this very issue in his Sonnet #91.

Part of a cycle entitled *Astrophil and Stella*, this sonnet takes on a challenge: illustrating how Astrophil turns his esteem of other women into a statement of admiration for Stella.

If you're in a serious relationship, and get caught checking out the inventory, this sonnet is for you.

Sidney offers a seven step, 100% guaranteed method of turning lusty looks to your favor.

I know you're anxious to learn the steps, but please read through the sonnet before proceeding:

Stella, while now by honour's cruel might,

I am from you, light of my life, mis-led,

And that fair you, my Sun, thus overspread

With absence's veil, I live in Sorrow's night.

If this dark place yet shew, like candle light,

Some beauty piece, as amber-coloured head,

Milk hands, rose cheeks, or lips

more sweet, more red,

Or seeing jets, black, but in blackness bright,

They please I do confess, they please mine eyes;

But why? because of you they models be;

Models such be wood-globes of glisterring skies.

Dear, therefore be not jealous over me,

If you hear that they seem my heart to move,

Not them, O no, but you in them I love.

Do you wonder if she will swallow this? Remember the sonnet (girls are crazy about sonnets, by the way) is field-tested. Still nervous? Don't worry. Watch and learn.

### Write a Love Letter

Astrophil addresses Stella directly. What he is trying to do requires the appearance of sincerity, but detachment is crucial.

So, he writes a love letter. The Sonnet reads, in a sense, "Dear Stella" at the beginning and ends with "Love, Astrophil."

Now, let's apply this step to your situation. Your woman suspects

that you are checking out other girls. Sidney's solution? Take a trip, get away, don't see her for a while. Hide out someplace and send her a note.

### "I'm Just Doing My Duty, Ma'am"

Guys, women are crazy about military men. Astrophil seems to be away on military duty. He uses this line to allay Stella's suspicions. In effect, he tells her, "Babe, I'd rather be with you, but I gotta serve my country." Is that noble, or what?

I'm not suggesting that you sign up with the army. Tell her you're sand bagging in Springville.

### Female Instincts

Women yearn to care for lost, despondent puppies. Play off these instincts.

Sidney does this wonderfully, using light and dark imagery. With this sort of tugging on Stella's heart strings, we can imagine she has been struck silly with sympathy.

You must do this with style. Brush upon your poetic diction. Make your words blend in flowing alliteration, like Sidney's "light of my light, misled." However, don't overdo it.

please see Sidney on page 10

## In the Mood Music

by Jeff Hadfield

To make the moment right, dimmed lights and sidelong glances aren't enough. You've got to have the right background music. You are probably familiar with Sade (*Promise* is the best for this list) and Sting (*Nothing Like The Sun*). Try these less well-known discs to make the romantic atmosphere complete.

**Roxy Music:** *Avalon* (Warner Bros.). This is one of the most elegant, smooth, and seductive albums ever. Bryan Ferry's cool, distinctive vocals glide over rhythmic, virtuoso instrumentation. Roxy Music's swan song, this is an essential for late nights.

**Talk Talk:** *The Color Of Spring* (EMI). Talk Talk and ABC recall Roxy Music, but despite this, they're both essential and immaculate. Smooth vocals mixed with crisp music make this record cosmopolitan without being world-weary, engaging without being demanding.

**ABC:** *The Lexicon Of Love* (Neutron/Polygram). This classic 1981 disc chronicles loves lost and found, built and destroyed. Martin Fry's witty lyrics describe "what it's like to have loved and to lose that much," as well as the look of

love. Try this one and their latest, *Alphabet City*.

**Miles Davis:** *Kind Of Blue* (Columbia). The master of jazz blows his horn in this wonderfully remastered 1959 reissue. Jazz packs the emotion no other music can, and Miles expresses it best.

**Herb Alpert:** *Under A Spanish Moon* (A&M). Half of A&M, leader of the Tiajuana Brass, Alpert transports us to Spain. The intense passion of the Mediterranean translates to disc well. Includes a version of Sting's "Fragile."

**Chris Isaak:** *Chris Isaak* (Warner Bros.). While we wait for his new release, this and Isaak's first album *Silvertone* (unavailable on domestic CD), will have to do. The 90's Roy Orbison, the at once cutting-edge and retrospective Isaak portrays the angst of all lonely hearts.

**Other suggestions:** If these suggestions don't wear out your desire for mood music, you can try more recordings by the same artists, or I'd recommend Marvin Gaye, Smokey Robinson and the Miracles, or Sam Cooke. Each have nice "greatest hits" packages. If that's still not enough, ask me. I'm out of room.

## Unrequited Love

by Michelle Moore

Wednesday, 1:30 a.m. Misery. Patheos . . . solitude. A car pulls into a driveway below; the first noise that has interrupted my thoughts in over an hour. A tear dribbles a slow path down my cheek and through the orange Cheez-It powder at the corner of my mouth. Unrequited love.

1:45 a.m. In the darkness, I am alone with my thoughts. I pretend that he is right here in the kitchen, sitting next to me in the silence.

2:00 a.m. I see him smiling the way he was when I saw him today. Unfortunately, not at me. A short wave, a brief nod in my direction. I was in his realm of consciousness for a second, maybe. Like the mailman, or the cashier at the store. Except he knows my name.

2:17 a.m. *It's all your fault, you know, I say to myself. You should do something about it. Do what? Let him know. How? Anyway! But I've tried . . . I've been trying for so long. How? A look here, a touch there. So how is he supposed to tell? If he looked into my eyes for more than a moment, he would know.*

2:50 a.m. I wonder what impresses him the most. Does he fall for wit? Intellect? Humor? Sexiness? Maybe I should try to be more feminine. Maybe I'm too loud and obnoxious. Perhaps I should try being more soft-spoken, alluring. But I can't—that's not me! I can't change for someone else.

3:05 a.m. Sure I can.

3:21 a.m. I wonder what his favorite color is. I wonder what he looks like when he's asleep. I wonder if he licks the icing out of Oreo cookies, or eats them whole.

3:35 a.m. The soft humming of the refrigerator sings a queer duet with the droning of my thoughts. I think of his hair, his neck, his shoulders, his eyebrows. I hear his laugh, and I feel the imprint on my body where he hugged me the other night, in a friendly gesture.

3:47 a.m. Hmmm. Maybe I shouldn't have thrown that bagel at my roommate and her boyfriend tonight. I just couldn't stand the sound of kissing anymore.

4:00 a.m. I bet he likes blondes.

4:11 a.m. It would be silly to assume he's not going out with anyone, or not thinking of someone the way I think of him. I wonder who she is. How much does he think of her? What does he think, when he thinks about her?

4:19 a.m. Boys claim that they fantasize about girls 10 times more than we fantasize about them. Have they ever counted?

4:45 a.m. This is ridiculous. If I would spend all the time that I spend thinking of him doing something productive like studying, I would have straight A's. How dare he waste all my time! Who does he think he is anyway?

5:00 a.m. O.K. I'm going to do something. I am, I am, I am. I really will this time. I'm leaving next week, and I'm not coming back next semester. It's my last chance. I have to let him know. . . I can't just walk away, without him ever knowing I've spent a whole semester pining for him. I'll do something drastic. What have I got to lose?

please see Unrequited on page 9

## PERFORMANCES THIS WEEK

by Julie Curtis

Three main events are coming this week to the BYU fine arts department: the Utah Symphony, the annual Utah Percussion Festival, and a concert by the world-class percussion ensemble NEXUS.

First, the Utah Symphony will perform Thursday evening at the deJong Concert Hall under Maestro Joseph Silverstein. The program includes Schubert's Manfred Overture, Stravinsky's Concerto in D for Violin, and Schubert's Symphony No. 9 (The Great). The Symphony's concertmaster, Ralph Matson, will be the violin soloist. This, as all Utah Symphony concerts, should be well worth attending.

BYU hosts the Utah Percussion Festival on Saturday, February 11. Five different clinics by the Canadian percussion group NEXUS will highlight the festival. Percussionists from every junior high, high school and college in the state have been invited to participate in the clinics and be evaluated on individual performance, as part of the festival.

The festival's grand finale is the Saturday evening concert by NEXUS. NEXUS has performed throughout the world since 1975, including featured appearances at some of the world's most prestigious music festivals. The concert will include a wide range of music, exhibiting the ensemble's broad talent and ability. For the concert's finale, NEXUS will create an orchestra for the 1916 Mack Sennett silent film, "Teddy at the Throttle." This viewing should be a spectacular finish to a spectacular all-day percussion fest here at our own BYU.

All events will be held at the HFAC. Information on the Percussion Festival is available through Ron Brough, director of the BYU percussion program, at 378-3320. Tickets for the Utah Symphony and NEXUS concerts are available at the HFAC music ticket office, 378-7444.

*Julie speaks Russian, works on the Honors Council, and hails from Las Vegas, the City of Romance and Good Taste.*



# Let the Utah Symphony blow your cares away

Make the weekend a celebration. Enjoy a stirring and soothing evening of incomparable classical fare at the deJong Concert Hall, Thursday, February 9. Joseph Silverstein conducts the Utah Symphony, performing live the greatest hits in history.

February 9, SCHUMANN Overture: Manfred; STRAVINSKY Violin Concerto, Ralph Natson, soloist; SCHUBERT Symphony No. 9 "The Great." Brigham Young University, deJong Concert Hall, 7:30 p.m. General public \$8. Students, faculty, and senior citizens \$6. Box office: 378-7444.

## UTAH SYMPHONY



Photo: Steve Treggale

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## "Fantasticks" at Backstage

by Connie & Laurie Moore

"Plant a carrot, get a carrot,  
Not a brussel sprout.  
That's why I like vegetables;  
You know what you're about!"

This is just one of several profound pearls of wisdom we noted during Backstage Dinner Theatre's production of "The Fantasticks." The evening was a veritable music lover's feast. Coleen Toone, the aptly named torch singer, entertained us throughout dinner with a selections ranging from Broadway favorites to old love songs, but thankfully nothing more hip than John Denver. Laurie knew every song by heart and would've thrown on a boa and taken the stage if I hadn't grabbed her.

Dinner arrived after only a few songs. The first course was a cup of delicious potato soup, which I'd have preferred with cheese. Laurie wanted more. Our cups were whisked away by our attentive waitress, and replaced with plates of salad. My salad was good, but after Laurie forked over a single mushroom slice, we voted her Parmesan pepper dressing a big two thumbs up. She scored again on her entree of creamed chicken over puffed pastry, while I placidly picked at my beef. "These mixed vegetables are better than the Skyroom's!" Laurie exclaimed. My plate was quickly reduced to fatty beef remnants and hers to a pile of rejected lima beans.

Now, we're not culturally deficient or anything, but the little red things garnishing our plates did pose a big question. My sister, always an adventurous eater, bit into hers first, hoping it was a giant maraschino cherry. We were surprised to find that it was really a be-cloved, be-pickled crabapple.

The next items of interest were our fancy drinks. Laurie was happy to note that her strawberry daiquiri was bigger than my ambrosia, but her smile soon turned to dismay when she realized that I had a mini plastic sword spearing my lemon slice and a real maraschino cherry, while she had only a lime slice on the edge of her glass. When I wasn't looking she slyly switched glasses, stealing my sword and scarfing my cherry. Both drinks were wonderful, especially the ambrosia, which tasted just like that salad you always have at family reunions. Across the room, someone was celebrating a birthday, and Laurie realized belatedly she'd missed a perfect chance to put her lime slice in her mouth and grin at the bartender.

Soon the lights dimmed, the music started, and the lime slice disappeared. We were horrified to see a bouffty blonde run on stage in her slip. (She turned out to be one of the characters.) The rest of the cast filtered onstage and the narrator, El Gallo, began crooning "Try to Remember," melting all female hearts. We were smitten. He looked like a cross between a young Dustin Hoffman and our friend, Frankie, from Santa Cruz. He sang better than either one though, as did the rest of the cast. Eric Crawford did a wonderful job as Matt the Hero, a

self-described "knowledgeable, grown-up, and stable" 20 year old. The 16 year old girl next door was played by Janae Koralewski, who was perfect in the part of an annoyingly immature, melodramatic Luisa. (She was in love with a dork, contrary to the wonder man of Laurie's dreams, who occasionally says "Hi!" to her and calls her by our little sister's name.) Luisa ended her opening monologue with the plea, "Please God, don't let me be . . . NORMAL!" No need to fear, Luisa.

Mike Backman and Mark Pulham, as Matt's and Louisa's respective fathers, stole the show as the would-be manipulators of their children's romance. Our personal favorite, El Gallo (the dashing bandit), continued to charm us as Luisa's alternate love interest. Shawn Lynn was outstanding as an aged actor hired by the fathers to stage an abduction of Luisa, and Chad McBride was his funny Cockney Indian sidekick. The first half of the play was pure enjoyment as the actors sang their way to the silly sweet end of Act I.

Intermission brought the announcement that our Buick was parked illegally, and Laurie had to go move it from its prime spot in the courtyard. Meanwhile, I inquired about the cheesecake, which turned out to be almost as good as homemade. In Act II, the farcical plot became more serious, and gave the actors a chance to develop vocally and dramatically. The two fathers bemoaned the unpredictability of childrearing in the show-stopper "Plant a Carrot," while Eric Crawford came into his own with several challenging solos. Disillusioned with each other, the two lovers part to see what else the world offers. Finding that reality bears little resemblance to their poetic ideals, they return to each other with a new appreciation for true love and friendship.

"The Fantasticks" is enduringly delightful. Through the fun and farce emerges the theme, "Without a hurt the heart is hollow." Don't we know it. Why do you think we were there together instead of with Prince Charmings? One of the great benefits of having a sibling at school is whenever a dateless Friday comes along you can go out together and chalk it up to family unity. Since it's way too late to impress each other, we just sat back and enjoyed ourselves.

The majority of the audience was the Over Forty Crowd, and we'd love to see more students there. Although tickets are \$15.00 each, it's no more expensive than dinner at Sundance, and you get great entertainment to boot. "The Fantasticks" will play through this month. "Man of La Mancha" is slated for March. Backstage also features late night live bands Thursday, Friday and Saturday, with comedy on Thursday. See the Calendar on page 11 for nightly schedules.

Laurie & Connie were determined to be represented in this issue, since we ran Michelle's piece. So girls, are you satisfied?

Unrequited from page 8

5:45 a.m. I fall asleep in my chair. In my dream, he stands in the garden at home in California. He just smiles at me, standing there in the corn. I start to yell at him, and he just keeps on smiling. Then I walk over and slowly put my arms around him. I try to kiss him, feeling as though I am floating under water, but a noise interrupts us. I wake up; the smoke alarm is going off. My toast is on fire.

The Next Friday, 9:13 p.m.. I walk into the room and am immediately aware of him sitting in the far corner. I pretend not to notice. I talk, I laugh, I have a good time. On the outside. All night I watch him, but I never let him see. The time grows late, and we are never alone. I feel desperate . . . I am never going to see him again. Give me a chance . . . just one chance! It's after midnight now. My smile gets tighter, and my voice grows shriller. Where is he now? Out of the corner of my eye I spot him heading for the door. I stop in mid-sentence and turn to watch. *Somebody stop him!* my mind screams. I watch him say goodbye to someone, then slowly walk out the door . . . going . . . going . . . gone.

Michelle is one of the infamous Moore Sisters, and speaks on unrequited love with some qualifications, she insists. We think she's playing a lot of guys along, ourselves. Michelle is supposed to be at home in California getting ready to spend yet another winter semester in Hawaii, but meanwhile is hitting Mardi Gras in New Orleans. We expect a report from her as our correspondent-at-large.





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## Announcing Student Review's

## Great Cartoonist Search

- Do you own a 64-pack of Crayola Crayons?
- Do you like to draw the back-end of your religion professor when he faces the chalkboard?
- Do you smirk when you see the "The World is our Campus"?
- Have you noticed Pres. Holland's ever-descending jowls?
- Are you interested in joining the bulging ranks of SR's new groupies, Females for Fogg?
- Do you draw pictures of Mother Teresa on your bathroom mirror?
- Can you make any sense out of these questions?

If you can answer yes to any of these questions  
you might qualify as *Student Review's*  
next cartoonist.

Send submissions to P.O. Box 7092 Provo, Utah 84604.  
Financial compensation for accepted cartoons is possible,  
but not likely.

## Sidney from page 8 List the Beauties of Other Women

Having won her sympathy and trust, it's time to catalog other females' beautiful traits. I know, you don't normally do this. Do it.

## In Them I See You

Astrophil must justify his wandering eyes. He asks Stella: "But why [do they please my eyes]?" He answers, saying that all these other women are mere "models."

The "models" concept is the most critical of the sonnet and must be made *very clear*. If your woman fails to understand, you will be in trouble.

## Assert Your Masculinity

Unless she has the IQ of an egg-plant, your woman may smell a rat at this point. So *command* her not to be jealous. Sidney qualifies his command with "Dear," and continues, "therefore, be not jealous over me."

## Make Gossip Work in Your Favor

Rather than working against this inevitable plague, make it work for you. Astrophil says, in effect: "Just remember that these other women may have moved me, but it was because of you."

Astrophil holds on to Stella for at least another 18 sonnets. The sonnet convinces Stella that she has no reason to be jealous, and most importantly, it shows us how to interject a little humor into this "crazy little thing called love."

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# the CALENDAR



## Wednesday, February 8

**Lecture:**  
Honors Module: Harrison Powley on "The *Eroica* Symphony: Beethoven as Revolutionary," 211 MSRB, 6:00 p.m.

**Theatre:**  
"A Midsummer Night's Dream," The Pioneer Theatre, 8:00 p.m.  
"Richard III," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 378-7447  
"See How They Run," City Rep, 7:30 p.m.

**Film:**  
International Cinema:  
Lecture on "Midsummer," 3:15  
Midsummer Night's Dream, 3:45 p.m.  
Man Facing Southeast, 6:00 p.m.  
Purple Rose of Cairo, 8:05 p.m.  
German Film Fest, 270 SWKT:  
Blue Angel, 7:40 p.m.  
Metropolis, 9:40 p.m.

**Music:**  
Marcello Equi, guest guitarist, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Info: 378-7444  
Wind Symphony & Men's Chorus, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Info: 378-7444

## Thursday, February 9

**Lecture:**  
Honors Module: Scott Abbott on "Politics and Non-Politics, Romanticism and Anti-Romanticism in Mann's *Magic Mountain*," 241 MSRB, 6:00 p.m.

**Theatre:**  
"A Midsummer Night's Dream," The Pioneer Theatre, 8:00 p.m.  
"Richard III," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 378-7447  
"Dear Ruth," Hale Center Theater, 8:00 p.m.  
"See How They Run," City Rep, 7:30 p.m.

**Film:**  
International Cinema:  
Man Facing Southeast, 3:15 & 9:10 p.m.  
Purple Rose of Cairo, 5:20 p.m.  
Midsummer Night's Dream, 6:55 p.m.  
German Film Fest, 270 SWKT:  
Metropolis, 7:30 p.m.  
Dr. Mabuse, 9:30 p.m.

**Music:**  
Utah Symphony, Schumann, Stravinsky, & Schubert, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 379-7444  
"Brassworks", faculty brass ensemble, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Free!

**Dance:**  
Dancers' Company Tour Showcase, 185 RB, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 378-5086 or at the door

## Friday, February 10

**Theatre:**  
"A Midsummer Night's Dream," The Pioneer Theatre, 8:00 p.m.  
"Richard III," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 378-7447  
"Dear Ruth," Hale Center Theater, 8:00 p.m.  
"See How They Run," City Rep, 7:30 p.m.  
"The Fantasticks," Backstage Dinner Theatre, 6:00 p.m.  
"Petticoats and Pettifoggers," Valley Center Playhouse, 8:00

**Film:**  
Film Society  
214 Crabtree Tech. Bldg.  
"Genevieve," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m. \$1.00 w/ I.D.  
International Cinema:  
Purple Rose of Cairo, 3:15 & 9:10 p.m.  
Midsummer Night's Dream, 4:50 p.m. Man Facing Southeast, 7:05 p.m.

German Film Festival, 270 SWKT:  
Blue Angel, 7:30 p.m.  
Metropolis, 9:30 p.m.

**Music:**  
Utah Symphony, Schumann, Stravinsky, & Schubert, 7:30 p.m.  
"Brass Tacks," R&B, Backstage Late Nite, 10:00 - 2:00 a.m., \$3.00

**Dance:**  
Dancers' Company Tour Showcase, 185 RB, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 378-5086 or at the door

**Culture:**  
Utah's Largest Baseball Card Show! Impress your Valentine with your diverse interests!  
Salt Palace, SLC, 5:00 - 9:00 p.m., Info: 225-2242.

## Saturday, February 11

**Theatre:**  
"A Midsummer Night's Dream," The Pioneer Theatre, 8:00 p.m.  
"Richard III," Pardoe Drama Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 378-7447  
"Dear Ruth," Hale Center Theater, 8:00 p.m.  
"See How They Run," City Rep, 7:30 p.m.  
"The Fantasticks," Backstage Dinner Theatre, 6:00 p.m.  
"Petticoats and Pettifoggers," Valley Center Playhouse, 8:00 p.m.

**Film:**  
Film Society  
214 Crabtree Tech. Bldg.  
"Genevieve," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m. \$1.00 w/ I.D.  
International Cinema:  
Midsummer Night's Dream, 3:00 & 8:55 p.m.  
Man Facing Southeast, 5:15 p.m.  
Purple Rose of Cairo, 7:20 p.m.  
German Film Fest, 270 SWKT:  
Dr. Mabuse, 3:30 & 9:20 p.m.  
Metropolis, 5:35 p.m.  
Blue Angel, 7:30 p.m.

**Music:**  
Utah Symphony, Schumann, Stravinsky, & Schubert, 7:30 p.m.  
NEXUS, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 378-7444  
Temple Square Concert Series, U of U's Music Department's Showcase, 7:30 p.m., Assembly Hall, Free!  
"Brass Tacks," R&B, Backstage Late Nite, 10:00 - 2:00 a.m., \$3.00

**Dance:**  
Dancers' Company Tour Showcase, 185 RB, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 378-5086 or at the door

**Culture:**  
Utah's Largest Baseball Card Show! Impress your Valentine with your diverse interests and still have time for the Symphony! Salt Palace, SLC, 10:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m., Info: 225-2242.

## Tuesday, February 14

**Lecture:**  
Devotional, Elder J. Richard Clarke, First Quorum of the Seventy, Marriott Center, 11:00 a.m.  
241 MSRB, 6:00 p.m.

**Theatre:**  
"A Midsummer Night's Dream," The Pioneer Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

**Music:**  
"Recital for Lovers," Vocal Faculty Recital, Brandt Curtis and Lila Stuart, Madsen recital Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Free! L.M. & C.M. are available for this(or any other) Valentine's Day fest. (We'll be sitting around a dark house watching Thornbirds with each other).

## Wednesday, February 15

**Lecture:**  
Honors Module: Norma Davis on "Women and the Arts: The Turn of the Century," 211 MSRB, 6:00 p.m.  
13th Annual P.A. Christensen Humanities Lecture, "Sinclair Lewis and America's Battle of the Books," Stephen L. Tanner, 2084 JKHB 7:30 p.m., Reception following in 2150 JKHB

**Theatre:**  
"A Midsummer Night's Dream," The Pioneer Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

**Music:**  
Tuba Recital, Steve Call, Michael Munson, piano, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Free!

**Dance:**  
"Anna Karenina," Ballet West, 7:30 p.m.

## Thursday, February 16

**Lecture:**  
Honors Module: John F. Hall, on "Virgil's *Aeneid* and Augustan Propaganda in Literature," 241 MSRB, 6:00 p.m.

**Theatre:**  
"A Midsummer Night's Dream," The Pioneer Theatre, 8:00 p.m.  
"Dear Ruth," Hale Center Theater, 8:00 p.m.  
"See How They Run," City Rep, 7:30 p.m.

**Dance:**  
"Anna Karenina," Ballet West, 7:30 p.m.

## Friday, February 17

**Theatre:**  
"A Midsummer Night's Dream," The Pioneer Theatre, 8:00 p.m.  
"Dear Ruth," Hale Center Theater, 8:00 p.m.  
"See How They Run," City Rep, 7:30 p.m.  
"Petticoats and Pettifoggers," Valley Center Playhouse, 8:00

**Film:**  
Film Society  
214 Crabtree Tech. Bldg.  
"The Sweet Smell of Success"  
7:00 & 9:30 p.m. \$1.00 w/ I.D.

**Music:**  
Lecture Concert with Harrison Powley, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Info: 378-7444  
Temple Square Concert Series, featuring a soprano, harp, violin, flute, percussion, and piano, 7:30 p.m., Assembly Hall, Free!  
"The New Dakotas," Backstage Late Nite, 10:00 - 2:00 a.m., \$3.00

**Dance:**  
"Anna Karenina," Ballet West, 7:30 p.m.

## Theatre Guide:

*Pioneer Memorial Theatre*, 300 S. University, SLC, plays Mon. - Sat., 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$8.00 - \$16.50, 581-6961

*Hale Center Theatre*, 2801 South Main, SLC, plays Mon., Thurs. - Sat., 8:00 p.m., Tickets: Mon. \$4.00, Thurs. \$5.00, Fri. & Sat. \$6.00, 484-9257

*Salt Lake Repertory Theatre (City Rep)*, 148 S. Main, SLC, 7:30 p.m., tickets: \$5.00 - \$10.00, 532-6000

*Valley Center Playhouse*, Lindon, 780 N. 200 E. Fri., Sat. & Mon., 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$3.00 w/ I.D., 785-2217

*Symphony Hall*, 123 W. South Temple, SLC, all concerts 8:00 p.m., tickets: \$9.00 - \$27.00, Student \$4.00, 533-6407

*Capitol Theatre*, 50 W. 200 Sou, SLC, Tickets: 533-6494

*Ballet West*, 50 West 200 South, SLC, Wed. - Sat., Mon., 7:30 p.m., Sat. Matinee 2:00 p.m., Tickets: \$9.00 - \$36.00, 533-5555

*Provo Tabernacle*, 50 So. University, Provo, 373-3706

*Backstage Dinner Theatre*, 65 N. University Ave., Dinner 6:00 p.m., Theatre 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$15.00, 377-6905



## Lawsuit Still Pending Against BYU

# Student Leader Resigns; Administrative Pressure the Cause

by Bruce Pritchett, Merrill Oates, and Jennifer Dixon

**D**ESPITE AN INITIAL DECISION to fight pressure from Student Life officials, Gary Thompson, president of BYU's Black Student Association (BSA), surprised advisors and BSA members by announcing that he would submit to BYUSA advisor Kenneth Rush Sumpter's demand for his resignation.

"I cannot speak for the administrators at Student Life, I can only look deep inside myself. After this look inside myself I must publicly declare that I have been wrong in the manner in which I have handled myself in being right, and I will attempt to change and humble myself accordingly," said Thompson in a letter read to a Jan. 30 meeting of the BSA.

However, Thompson has hired attorney Richard S. Clark II of Provo, Utah to pursue legal action. Thompson said, "Please don't misunderstand me; the fact that I am honoring Student Life's request does not mean that wrongs have not been committed by BYU. . . . As we speak, my attorney is filing a lawsuit against Brigham Young University seeking damages for defamation of my character and blatant discriminatory practices."

Thompson's resignation followed a two-week dispute between him and Student Life administrators touched off when Thompson sent to media representatives copies of documents requesting his resignation.

Kenneth Rush Sumpter, director of Student Leadership Development at BYU, viewed this action as a provocation. "My point is, it looks like [Thompson is] using the press to pressure me, to blackmail me. Why couldn't [Thompson] have come and solved it between us?"

"I know that I can't pressure [the administration] into anything. They've got the big machine behind them. I went to the press to cover my butt," Thompson said.

Sumpter called Thompson into his office on Jan. 17 when Thompson tried to get a timecard signed. Sumpter claimed he had sent Thompson a letter demanding his resignation back in the early/middle part of December, but Thompson denied he had ever received such a letter.

Three days later, in an interview with SR, Sumpter explained, "I dictated the letter [back in December] and the secretary typed up a draft, but it didn't get mailed to him. It got buried in my IN box. It was a miscommunication I'm responsible for."

Sumpter delivered a copy of that letter to Thompson on Jan. 18. It began, "As director of Student Leadership Development, it is my sad duty to tell you that you can no longer serve as president of the Black Student Association. The reason for this action is a violation of trust."

After citing Thompson's failure to complete 12 credit hours in Fall semester 1988 and alleging that he had improperly handled negotiations with APB (an agency which sent \$11,000 worth of contracts to Thompson for several speaking engagements associated with BYU's Black Awareness Week), Sumpter invited Thompson "to make an appointment. I would be happy to talk with you about the things you might do in order to restore my good opinion of you."

Thompson claimed that the reasons for his dismissal were not valid.

Regarding the charge that he had asked the APB speaker's agency to send \$11,000 in speaker's contracts to BYU without proper notice, Thompson said, "I told them [APB] over the phone that they could send me anything they wanted, but I needed to make sure we had the money and approval."

According to Max Swenson, there was "nothing irregular at all about what Gary has done" in arranging for the contracts. Swenson is the former director of the Multicultural Department, the entity which supervised Thompson and the BSA last year, before it was disbanded and minority clubs such as BSA were handed over to BYUSA.

"The normal policy would be for a person like Gary to do the leg-work (find out the cost and availability of speakers) and then let the agent of the University sign the contract," said Swenson.

According to Dell Brown, 1987-88 academic vice-president for ASBYU, the academics office "had about 50 [speakers] we were interested in. We sent in approval forms to the administration for all 50, even though we knew we weren't going to use all of them. While waiting for approval, we kept in constant contact with speakers' agents."

"Early on in the year, contracts were sent directly to us. But we always turned them over to the purchasing department," Brown said. He also added that students from his office frequently negotiated the price of contracts themselves because they could get a better deal that way, "but they [the purchasing office] always signed the contracts."

Thompson presented photocopies of duly signed approval forms and showed that he still had the contracts in his possession, unsigned.

Regarding Sumpter's second reason for dismissal—failure to meet the 12-hour credit limit—Thompson produced photocopies of a petition he gave BYU's registration office on November 21 requesting he be allowed to drop six of his 12 credit hours.

The University registration office granted his petition two weeks later (Dec. 4) and allowed him to withdraw from two classes without penalty because of special circumstances. Part of his petition was a letter from Thompson's bishop which said, "Please allow Gary to

drop some of his classes. Due to some difficult personal circumstances I feel it would be in his best interest to make this change at this time."

In an interview with SR, Thompson detailed what those circumstances were. On August 5, 1988, Thompson's wife left him. Their divorce was finalized in late January. Despite their separation, Thompson continued to help his wife through a pregnancy and is now responsible to pay for supporting his son, who was born in January.

According to Max Swenson, dropping below the 12-hour limit was technically a breach of Thompson's agreement with the University, but his case would have been considered individually.

"We certainly would have looked at [Gary's] circumstances, especially when the University allowed him to drop his classes for personal reasons," Swenson said.

**H**OWEVER, SWENSON WAS recently released as the director of Multicultural Programs when the minority organizations were moved under the aegis of BYUSA.

Sumpter explained that the transition to BYUSA is on-balance a good move for minority organizations. At BYUSA, minority organizations are for the first time able to take advantage of the mainstream administrative resources available to other campus organizations.

Shalei Mossman of the Polynesian Club noted that although her successor as president, Duane Eldredge, is not paid, "he receives a lot more help than I did last year. I had to do a lot on my own, but Duane has a lot of help."

Sumpter is dedicated to minority programs. He originally began his career at BYU as an instructor in the Indian education program, a position he held for 18 years. Several students have ascribed the difficulties of current minority programs to the transition between departments.

Yet, despite Sumpter's competence and the state of transition, Thompson claims that he and other students have not received the same individualized attention from BYUSA as they would have received from the old Multicultural department under Max Swenson.

"I want minority students to be treated with the same individual attention as with the former Multicultural Department. Minority programs were recently switched over to Student Life Development, and we feel we're being lost in the shuffle at BYUSA," Thompson said.

Thompson's resignation makes him the last of the minority organization leaders to receive work-study money for his position as a minority organization president.

Last year, before the transfer to BYUSA, presidents of all four minority organizations were eligible for work-study compensation for their positions. Shalei Mossman (Polyne-

sian Club '88), Alberto Puertas (Latin-American Student Organization '88), and Joelle Aull (Black Student Association '88) all received grants as presidents of their clubs. Tracy Platero (Tribe of Many Feathers '88) received funding from another source, but said she too was eligible to receive payment through work-study.

One minority organization has not fared so well in the transition. Alberto Puertas of the Latin-American Student Organization said, "Without work-study aid, I wouldn't have been able to do what I did." Puertas raised over \$15,000 in scholarships for Latin-American students, but he added, "This guy [Carlos Aleson, current president] doesn't have the time to add to the

fund. He has to work to support himself."

Puertas emphasized the fact that "minority organizations are not just another chess or pizza club. We serve as an umbrella organization for over 450 students. I don't want the uniqueness of each individual and culture to be lost." He added that minority organizations help students adjust to a strange culture and relieve homesickness in ways that are unique to the minority organizations.

Despite difficulties, Puertas says that he has faith in the system. "We just need to teach people how to go through all the bureaucracy, and then things will be better. Sumpter has good intentions, and I trust the man."

## Maynard Ferguson



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